THE STORY OF SCOTCH

By

ENOS A. MILLS

Author of
"Your National Parks,"
"The Rocky Mountain Wonderland,'
"Wild Life on the Rockies," "The
Spell of the Rockies," "In
Beaver World," "The Story
of a Thousand
Year Pine"

Books by Enos A. Mills

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THE STORY OF SCOTCH

ENOS A. MILLS

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Wild Animal Homesteads

THE STORY OF SCOTCH

SCOTCH AND HIS MASTER

THE STORY OF SCOTCH

BY

ENOS A. MILLS

With Illustrations from Photographs by the Author

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TO

MARY KING SHERMAN

AND

JOHN KING SHERMAN

WHO KNEW AND APPRECIATED

SCOTCH

PREFACE

Scotch and I were companions through eight years. Winter and summer we explored the rugged mountains of the Continental Divide. Often we were cold; more often we were hungry. Together we fought our way through blizzards and forest fires. Never did he complain and at all times he showed remarkable intelligence and absolute fidelity. The thousands who have watched him play football by my cabin on the slope of Long's Peak and the other thousands who have read of his unusual experiences will be interested, I am sure, in this complete story of his life.

I gave an account of Scotch in my *Wild Life on the Rockies*, and in *The*

Spell of the Rockies I related one of our winter experiences. These chapters and an article on him which I wrote for *Country Life in America* are, together with additional matter, embodied in this little book.

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THE STORY OF SCOTCH

I

A FAMOUS collie and her five little puppies came into the possession of a Swedish farmer of my acquaintance. For an unimportant and forgotten kindness which I had shown his children, he decided that I should have one of these promising puppies. To his delight I chose the "wisest one," wee "Scotch," who afterwards gave pleasure to hundreds of people and who for eight years was a factor in my life.

I carried little Scotch all day long in my overcoat pocket as I rode through the mountains on the way to my cabin. His cheerful little face,

his good behavior, and the bright way in which he poked his head out of my pocket, licked my hand, and looked at the scenery, completely won my heart before I had ridden an hour.

We camped for the night by a dim road near a deserted ranch-house in the mountains. Scotch was quiet during the long ride, but while I was lighting the camp-fire he climbed out of my overcoat and proceeded, puppy fashion, to explore the camp. After one bark at my pony he went over to make her acquaintance. He playfully smelled of each of her feet, gave a happy bark, and jumped up to touch her nose with his own. Cricket, the pony, intently watched his performance with lowered head and finally nosed him in a friendly manner.

I shut him up in a small abandoned cabin for the night. He at once objected and set up a terrible barking and howling, gnawing fiercely at the crack beneath the door and trying to tear his way out. Fearing he would break his little puppy teeth, or possibly die from frantic and persistent efforts to be free, I concluded to release him from the cabin. My fears that he would run away if left free were groundless. He made his way to my saddle, which lay on the ground near by, crawled under it, turned round beneath it, thrust his little head from beneath the arch of the horn, and lay down with a look of contentment, and also with an air which said: "I'll take care of this saddle. I'd like to see any one touch it."

And watch it he did. At midnight a cowboy came to my camp-fire. He had been thrown from his bronco and was making back to his outfit on foot. Tiny Scotch flew at him ferociously; never have I seen such faithful ferocity in a dog so small and young. I took him in my hands and assured him that the visitor was welcome, and in a moment little Scotch and the cowboy were side by side gazing at the fire.

On our arrival at my cabin he at once took possession of an old tub in a corner of the porch. This he liked, and it remained his kennel for a long time. Here, protected from wind and rain, he was comfortable even in cold weather.

We were intimate from the start, and we lived most of the time apart

HIS FIRST KENNEL

from the world. I watched his development with satisfaction. He grew rapidly in size, strength, comprehension, and accomplishments. He was watchful and fearless through life.

His first experience with the unfriendly side of life came from a burro. A prospector came by with one of these long-eared beasts. Confiding Scotch went out to play with the burro and was kicked. Thenceforward he looked upon all burros with distrust, and every one that came near the cabin promptly and precipitously retreated before him like a boy before an aggressive bumblebee.

The summer that Scotch was growing up, I raised Johnny, a jolly young grizzly bear. At first the smaller, Johnny early became the larger.

Both these youngsters were keenly alert, playful, and inclined to be friendly. Each, however, was a trifle suspicious of the other. Unfortunately, I was away during the period in which a complete understanding between them could have been established and, as a result, there never came about the intimate companionship that really should have existed between these two highly developed animals; but their relations, though ever peculiar, were never strained. At times both had the freedom of the yard at once, and naturally they sometimes met while going to and fro. On these occasions each passed the other by as though unconscious of his presence.

Sometimes they lay at close range for an hour at a time, quietly, half-

admiringly watching each other. A bone was used as a medium the few times they played together. Each in turn guarded this bone while the other tried to take it away. This brought out from both a lively lot of striking, feinting, boxing, dodging, and grabbing, which usually ended in clinching and wrestling. In these vigorous, though good-natured mix-ups, it was Johnny's idea to get in a few good bites on Scotch's shaggy tail; while on the end of Johnny's sensitive nose Scotch landed slap after slap.

Scotch was an old-fashioned collie and had a face that was exceptionally expressive and pleasing. He was short-nosed, and his fine eyes were set wide apart. When grown he was a trifle larger than the average dog, and was surprisingly agile and powerful

for his size. His coat was a shaggy, silky black, with feet, tip of tail, and breast of pure white. He was always well dressed and took good care of his coat and feet. Daily he immersed himself in the cold waters of the brook, when it was not frozen, and he frequently lay in the water, lapping it and enjoying himself.

I never knew of his killing anything, though often in the woods he merrily chased the lively, playful chipmunks. Never, however, did he disturb bird or chipmunk in the yard around the cabin. Often two or three chipmunks romped over him as he lay, with half-shut eyes, near the door. Occasionally a bird hopped upon him, and frequently birds, chipmunks, and Scotch ate together from the same bowl.

PUPPY SCOTCH

Scotch did but little barking. In the country most dogs bow-wow at strangers, and frequently make the night hideous with prolonged barking at far-off sounds or imaginary objects. In summer Scotch allowed the scores of daily callers to come and go without a bark, but he reserved the right to announce, with a bark or two, the approach of the semi-occasional stranger who invaded our winter isolation.

Talking to animals appears to make them gentler and more responsive. Scotch never tired of listening to me, and I often talked to him as if he were a child. He came to understand many of the words used. If I said "hatchet," he hastened to bring it; if "fire," he at once endeavored to discover where it was. Cheerfully

and intelligently he endeavored to help me, and early became efficient in driving cattle, horses, and burros. Instinctively he was a "heeler," and with swift heel nips quickly awakened and gave directions to lazy or unwilling "critters."

II

MANY of Scotch's actions were beyond the scope of instinct. One day, when still young, he mastered a new situation by the use of his wits. While he was alone at the house, some frightened cattle smashed a fence about a quarter of a mile away and broke into the pasture. He was after them in an instant. From a mountain-side ledge above, I watched proceedings with a glass. The cattle were evidently excited by the smell of some animal and did not drive well. Scotch ignored the two pasture gates, which were closed, and endeavored to hurry the cattle out through the break through which they had entered. After energetic encourage-

ment, all but one went flying out through the break. This one alternated between stupidly running back and forth along the fence and trying to gore Scotch. Twice the animal had run into a corner by one of the gates, and his starting for the corner the third time apparently gave Scotch an idea. He stopped heeling, raced for the gate, and, leaping up, bit at the handle of the sliding wooden bar that secured it. He repeated this biting and tearing at the handle until the bar slid and the gate swung open. After chasing the animal through, he lay down by the gate.

When I came into view he attracted my attention with sharp barks and showed great delight when I closed the gate. After this, he led me to the break in the fence and then

CHIPMUNKS?

lay down. Though I looked at him and asked, "What do you want done here?" he pretended not to hear. That was none of his business!

He had much more individuality than most dogs. His reserve force and initiative usually enabled him to find a way and succeed with situations which could not be mastered in his old way. The gate-opening was one of the many incidents in which these traits brought triumph.

One of his most remarkable achievements was the mastering of a number of cunning coyotes which were persistent in annoying him and willing to make an opportunity to kill him. In a sunny place close to the cabin, the coyotes one autumn frequently collected for a howling concert. This irritated Scotch, and

he generally chased the howlers into the woods. Now and then he lay down on their yelping-grounds to prevent their prompt return. After a time these wily little wolves adopted tantalizing tactics, and one day, while Scotch was chasing the pack, a lame coyote made a détour and came behind him. In the shelter of a willow-clump the coyote broke out in a maddening Babel of yelps and howls. Scotch instantly turned back to suppress him. While he was thus busy, the entire pack doubled back into the open and taunted Scotch with attitude and howls.

Twice did the pack repeat these annoying, defying tactics. This serious situation put Scotch on his mettle. One night he went down the mountain to a ranch-house fifteen

miles away. For the first time he was gone all night. The next morning I was astonished to find another collie in Scotch's bed. Scotch was in a state of worried suspense until I welcomed the stranger; then he was most gleeful. This move on his part told plainly that he was planning something still more startling. Indeed he was, but never did I suspect what this move was to be.

That day, at the first howl of the coyotes, I rushed out to see if the visiting collie would assist Scotch. There were the coyotes in groups of two and three, yelping, howling, and watching. Both dogs were missing, but presently they came into view, cautiously approaching the coyotes from behind a screen of bushes. Suddenly the visiting collie dashed out upon

them. At the same instant Scotch leaped into a willow-clump and crouched down; it was by this clump that the lame coyote had each time come to howl behind Scotch.

While the visiting collie was driving the pack, the lame coyote again came out to make his sneaking flank movement. As he rounded the willow-clump Scotch leaped upon him. Instantly the other dog raced back, and both dogs fell fiercely upon the coyote. Though lame, he was powerful, and finally shook the dogs off and escaped to the woods, but he was badly wounded and bleeding freely. The pack fled and came no more to howl near the cabin.

At bedtime, when I went out to see the dogs, both were away. Their tracks in the road showed that Scotch

had accompanied the neighboring collie at least part of the way home.

On rare occasions Scotch was allowed to go with visitors into the woods or up the mountain-side. However, he was allowed to accompany only those who appreciated the companionship and the intelligence of a noble dog or who might need him to show the way home.

One day a young woman from Michigan came along and wanted to climb Long's Peak alone and without a guide. I agreed to consent to her wish if she would take Scotch with her and would also first climb one of the lesser peaks on a stormy day, unaided. This climbing the young woman did, and by so doing convinced me that she had a keen sense of direction and an abundance of

strength, for the day was a stormy one and the peak was completely befogged with clouds. After this there was nothing for me to do but to allow her to climb Long's Peak.

Just as she was starting for Long's Peak that cool September morning, I called Scotch and said to him: "Scotch, go with this young woman up Long's Peak. Keep her on the trail, take good care of her, and stay with her until she returns!" Scotch gave a few barks of satisfaction and started with the young woman up the trail, carrying himself in a manner which indicated that he was both honored and pleased. I felt that the strength and alertness of the young woman, when combined with the faithfulness and watchfulness of Scotch, would make the ascent a suc-

cess, for the dog knew the trail as well as any guide.

The young woman climbed swiftly until she reached the rocky alpine moorlands above timber-line. Here she lingered long to enjoy the magnificent scenery and the brilliant flowers. It was late in the afternoon when she arrived at the summit of the Peak. After she had spent a little time there, resting and absorbing the beauty and grandeur of the scene, she started to return. She had not gone far when clouds and darkness came on, and on a slope of slide rock she turned aside from the trail.

Scotch had minded his own affairs and enjoyed himself in his own way all day long. Most of the time he had followed her closely, apparently indifferent to what happened. But the

instant the young woman left the trail and started off in the wrong direction, he sprang ahead and took the lead with an alert, aggressive air. The way in which he did this should have suggested to her that he knew what he was about, but she did not appreciate this fact. She thought he had become weary and wanted to run away from her, so she called him back. Again she started in the wrong direction. This time Scotch got in front of her and refused to move. She pushed him out of the way. Once more he started off in the right direction and this time she scolded him and reminded him that his master had told him to stay with her. Scotch dropped his ears, fell in behind her, and followed meekly in her steps. He had tried to carry out the

first part of his master's orders; now he was resigned to the second part of them.

After going a short distance, the young woman realized that she had lost her trail but it never occurred to her that she had only to let Scotch have his way and he would lead her safely home. However, she had the good sense to stop where she was. And there, among the crags, by the stained remnants of winter's snow, thirteen thousand feet above sea-level, she knew she must pass the night. The wind blew a gale and the alpine brooklet turned to ice, while, in the lee of a crag, shivering with cold and hugging Scotch tight, she lay down to wait for daylight.

When darkness had come that evening and the young woman had

not returned, I sent a rescue party of four guides up the Peak. They suffered much from cold as they vainly searched among the crags through the dark hours of the windy night. Just at sunrise one of the guides found her. She was almost exhausted, but was still hugging Scotch tightly and only her fingers were frostbitten. The guide gave her wraps and food and drink, and started with her down the trail. And Scotch? Oh, as soon as the guide appeared he left her and started home for breakfast. Scotch saved this young woman's life by staying with her through the long, cold night. She appreciated the fact, and was quick to admit that if she had allowed the dog to have his own way about the trail she would have had no trouble.

III

One summer a family lived in a cabin at the farther side of the big yard. Scotch developed a marked fondness for the lady of the house and called on her daily. He was so purposeful about this that from the moment he rose to start there was no mistaking his plans. Along the pathway toward the cabin he went, evidently with something definite in his mind. He was going somewhere; there was no stopping, no hurrying, and no turning aside. If the door was open, in he went; if it was closed, he made a scraping stroke across it and with dignified pose waited for it to be opened. Inside he was the gentleman. Generally he made a quiet tour through

all the rooms and then lay down before the fireplace. If any one talked to him, he watched the speaker and listened with pleased attention; if the speaker was animated, Scotch now and then gave a low bark of appreciation. Usually he stayed about half an hour and then went sedately out. Without looking back, he returned deliberately to his own quarters.

What an unconscious dignity there was in his make-up! He would not "jump for the gentlemen," nor leap over a stick, nor "roll over." No one ever would have thought of asking him to speak, to say grace, or to sit up on his hind legs for something to eat. All these tricks were foreign to his nature and had no place in his philosophy!

Though Scotch admitted very few

to the circle of his intimate friends, he was admired, respected, and loved by thousands. One of these admirers writes of him: "Of this little rustic Inn, Scotch was no less the host than was his master. He welcomed the coming and sped the parting guest. He escorted the climbers to the beginning of the trail up Long's Peak. He received the returning trout fishermen. He kept the burros on the other side of the brook. He stood between the coyotes and the inhabitants of the chicken yard. He was always ready to play football for the entertainment of the guests after dinner. He was really the busiest person about the Inn from morning till night."

Though apparently matter-of-fact and stolid, he was ever ready for a

romp and was one of the most playful dogs. Except at odd times, I was the only playmate he ever had. It was a pleasure to watch him or to play with him, for he played with all his might. He took an intense delight in having me kick or toss a football for him. He raced at full speed in pursuing the ball, and upon overtaking it would try to pick it up, but it was too large for him. As soon as I picked it up, he became all alert to race after it or to leap up and intercept it. If the ball was tossed easily to him, he sprang to meet it and usually struck it with the point of his chin and sent it flying back to me; at short range we were sometimes able to send the ball back and forth between us several times without either one moving in his tracks. If

PLAYING FOOTBALL

the ball was tossed above him, he leaped up to strike it with head, chin, or teeth, trying to make it bound upward; if it went up, he raced to do it over again. Occasionally he was clever enough to repeat this many times without allowing the ball to fall to the earth.

His enjoyment in make-believe play was as eager and refreshing as that of a child. This kind of play we often enjoyed in the yard. I would pretend to be searching for him, while he, crouching near in plain view, pretended to be hidden. Oh, how he enjoyed this! Again and again I would approach him from a different direction, and, when within touching distance, call, "Where is Scotch?" while he, too happy for barks, hugged the earth closely and silently. Now and

then he took a pose and pretended to be looking at something far away, while all the time his eager eye was upon me. From time to time, with utmost stealth, he took a new hiding-place. With every pretense of trying not to be seen, he sometimes moved from behind to immediately in front of me! Silently, though excitedly happy, he played this delightful childish game. It always ended to his liking; I grabbed him with a "Hello, there's Scotch!" and carried him off on my shoulder.

One day a family arrived at a nearby cottage to spend the summer. During the first afternoon of their stay, the toddling baby strayed away. Every one turned out to search. With enlarging circles we covered the surrounding country and at last came

upon the youngster in the woods about a quarter of a mile from the house. Scotch was with him and was lying down with head up, while the baby, asleep, was using him for a pillow, and had one chubby arm thrown across his neck. He saw us approach and lift the baby as if nothing unusual had happened.

He never failed to notice my preparations to journey beyond the mountains. Never would he watch me start on this kind of a journey, but an hour or so before leaving-time he would go to the side of the house opposite where I started. Here he would refuse attention from any one and for a few days would go about sadly.

A little in advance of my homecoming, he showed that he expected

me. Probably he heard my name used by the people in the house. Anyway, for two or three days before my arrival, he each evening would go down the road and wait at the place where he had greeted me many times on my return.

When I went horseback-riding he was almost passionately happy if allowed to go along. Whenever my pony was brought out, he at once stopped everything and lay down near the pony to await my coming. Would I go out on the trail with him, or go to the post office and leave him behind? By the time I appeared, these questions had him in a high state of excitement. Usually he turned his head away and yawned and yawned; he rose up and sat down, altogether showing a strange combi-

nation of bashfulness and impatience; though plainly trying to be quiet, he was restless until my answer came. Usually he was able to make out what this was without waiting for any word for me. A hatchet, for example, would tell him I was going to the woods. On the other hand, the mail-bag meant that I was going to the village. This meant that he could not go, whereupon he would go off slowly, lie down, and look the other way.

If the answer was "yes," he raced this way and that, leaping up once or twice to touch the pony's nose with his own. During each ride he insisted on a race with the pony; if I chanced to forget this, he never failed to remind me before the ride was over. As a reminder, he would run along-

side me and leap as high as possible, then race ahead as swiftly as he could. This he repeated until I accepted his challenge. Both dog and pony gleefully enjoyed this and each tried to pass the other.

Once we were clattering over the last stretch toward home. Scotch, who was in the lead, saw our pet chicken crouched in the pony's track, where it was in danger of being crushed. Unmindful of his own danger from the pony's hoofs, he swerved, gently caught up the chicken, and lifted it out of danger. After fondling it for a moment, he raced after us at full speed.

No matter what the weather, he usually slept outdoors. He understood, however, that he was welcome to come into my cabin day

READY FOR A WALK

or night, and was a frequent caller. In the cabin he was dignified and never used it as a place of amusement.

IV

Scotch enjoyed being with me, and great times we had together. Many of our best days were in the wilds. Here he often suffered from hunger, cold, hardships, and sometimes from accident; yet never did he complain. Usually he endured the unpleasant things as a matter of course.

Though very lonely when left by himself, he never allowed this feeling to cause a slighting of duty. On one occasion he was supremely tried but did his duty as he understood it and was faithful under circumstances of loneliness, danger, and possible death.

At the close of one of our winter trips, Scotch and I started across the Continental Divide of the Rocky

Mountains in face of weather conditions that indicated a snowstorm or a blizzard before we could gain the other side. We had eaten the last of our food twenty-four hours before, and could no longer wait for fair weather. So off we started to scale the snowy steeps of the cold, gray heights a thousand feet above. The mountains already were deeply snow-covered and it would have been a hard trip even without the discomforts and dangers of a storm.

I was on snowshoes, and for a week we had been camping and tramping through the snowy forests and glacier meadows at the source of Grand River, two miles above the sea. The primeval Rocky Mountain forests are just as near to Nature's heart in winter as in summer. I had found so

much to study and enjoy that the long distance from a food-supply, even when the last mouthful was eaten, had not aroused me to the seriousness of the situation. Scotch had not complained, and appeared to have the keenest collie interest in the tracks and trails, the scenes and silences away from the haunts of man. The snow lay seven feet deep, but by keeping in my snowshoe-tracks Scotch easily followed me about. Our last camp was in the depths of an alpine forest, at an altitude of ten thousand feet. Here, though zero weather prevailed, we were easily comfortable beside a fire under the protection of an overhanging cliff.

After a walk through woods the sun came blazing in our faces past the snow-piled crags on Long's Peak,

and threw slender blue shadows of the spiry spruces far out in a white glacier meadow to meet us. Reëntering the tall but open woods, we saw, down the long aisles and limb-arched avenues, a forest of tree columns, entangled in sunlight and shadow, standing on a snowy marble floor.

We were on the Pacific slope, and our plan was to cross the summit by the shortest way between timber-line there and timber-line on the Atlantic side. This meant ascending a thousand feet and descending an equal distance, traveling five miles amid bleak, rugged environment.

After gaining a thousand feet of altitude through the friendly forest, we climbed out and up above the trees on a steep slope at timber-line. This place, the farthest up for trees,

was a picturesque, desolate place. The dwarfed, gnarled, storm-shaped trees amid enormous snow-drifts told of endless, and at times deadly, struggles of the trees with the elements. Most of the trees were buried, but here and there a leaning or a storm-distorted one bent bravely above the snows.

Along the treeless, gradual ascent we started, realizing that the last steep icy climb would be dangerous and defiant. Most of the snow had slid from the steeper places, and much of the remainder had blown away. Over the unsheltered whole the wind was howling. For a time the sun shone dimly through the wind-driven snow-dust that rolled from the top of the range, but it disappeared early behind wild, wind-swept clouds.

At last we were safe on a ridge, and we started merrily off, hoping to cover speedily the three miles of comparatively level plateau.

How the wind did blow! Up more than eleven thousand feet above the sea, with not a tree to steady or break, it had a royal sweep. The wind appeared to be putting forth its wildest efforts to blow us off the ridge. There being a broad way, I kept well from the edges. The wind came with a dash and a heavy rush, first from one quarter, then from another. I was watchful and faced each rush firmly braced. Generally this preparedness saved me; but several times the wind seemed to expand or explode beneath me, and, with an upward toss, I was flung among the icy rocks and crusted snows. Finally I took

to dropping and lying flat whenever a violent gust came ripping among the crags.

There was an arctic barrenness to this alpine ridge, — not a house within miles, no trail, and here no tree could live to soften the sternness of the landscape or to cheer the traveler. The way wound amid snowy piles, icy spaces, and wind-swept crags.

The wind slackened and snow began to fall just as we were leaving the smooth plateau for the broken part of the divide. The next mile of way was badly cut to pieces with deep gorges from both sides of the ridge. The inner ends of several of these broke through the center of the ridge and extended beyond the ends of the gorges from the opposite side. This

THE MOUNTAINS IN WINTER
Scotch on Guard at the Timber-Line Cabin

made the course a series of sharp, short zigzags.

We went forward in the flying snow. I could scarcely see, but felt that I could keep the way on the broken ridge between the numerous rents and cañons. On snowy, icy ledges the wind took reckless liberties. I wanted to stop but dared not, for the cold was intense enough to freeze one in a few minutes.

Fearing that a snow-whirl might separate us, I fastened one end of my light, strong rope to Scotch's collar and the other end to my belt. This proved to be fortunate for both, for while we were crossing an icy, though moderate, slope, a gust of wind swept me off my feet and started us sliding. It was not steep, but was so slippery I could not stop, nor see where the

slope ended, and I grabbed in vain at the few icy projections. Scotch also lost his footing and was sliding and rolling about, and the wind was hurrying us along, when I threw myself flat and dug at the ice with fingers and toes. In the midst of my unsuccessful efforts we were brought to a sudden stop by the rope between us catching over a small rock-point that was thrust up through the ice. Around this in every direction was smooth, sloping ice; this, with the high wind, made me wonder for a moment how we were to get safely off the slope. The belt axe proved the means, for with it I reached out as far as I could and chopped a hole in the ice, while with the other hand I clung to the rock-point. Then, returning the axe to my belt, I caught

hold in the chopped place and pulled myself forward, repeating this until on safe footing.

In oncoming darkness and whirling snow I had safely rounded the ends of two gorges and was hurrying forward over a comparatively level stretch, with the wind at my back boosting me along. Scotch was running by my side and evidently was trusting me to guard against all dangers. This I tried to do. Suddenly, however, there came a fierce dash of wind and whirl of snow that hid everything. Instantly I flung myself flat, trying to stop quickly. Just as I did this I caught the strange, weird sound made by high wind as it sweeps across a cañon, and at once realized that we were close to a storm-hidden gorge. I stopped against

a rock, while Scotch slid into the chasm and was hauled back with the rope.

The gorge had been encountered between two out-thrusting side gorges, and between these in the darkness I had a cold time feeling my way out. At last I came to a cairn of stones that I recognized. I had missed the way by only a few yards, but this miss had been nearly fatal.

Not daring to hurry in the darkness in order to get warm, I was becoming colder every moment. I still had a stiff climb between me and the summit, with timber-line three rough miles beyond. To attempt to make it would probably result in freezing or tumbling into a gorge. At last I realized that I must stop and spend the night in a snow-drift. Quickly kick-

ing and trampling a trench in a loose drift, I placed my elkskin sleeping-bag therein, thrust Scotch into the bag, and then squeezed into it myself.

I was almost congealed with cold. My first thought after warming up was to wonder why I had not earlier remembered the bag. Two in a bag would guarantee warmth, and with warmth, a snow-drift on the crest of the continent would not be a bad place in which to lodge for the night.

The sounds of wind and snow beating upon the bag grew fainter and fainter as we were drifted and piled over with the snow. At the same time our temperature rose, and before long it was necessary to open the flap of the bag slightly for ventilation.

At last the sounds of the storm could barely be heard. Was the storm

quieting down, or was its roar muffled and lost in the deepening cover of snow? was the unimportant question occupying my thoughts when I fell asleep.

Scotch awakened me in trying to get out of the bag. It was morning. Out we crawled, and, standing with only my head above the drift, I found the air still and saw a snowy mountain world all serene in the morning sun. I hastily adjusted sleeping-bag and snowshoes, and we set off for the final climb to the summit.

The final hundred feet or so rose steep, jagged, and ice-covered before me. There was nothing to lay hold of; every point of vantage was plated with smooth ice. There appeared only one way to surmount this icy barrier and that was to chop toe- and

hand-holes from the bottom to the top of this icy wall, which in places was close to vertical. Such a climb would not be especially difficult or dangerous for me, but could Scotch do it? He could hardly know how to place his feet in the holes or on the steps properly; nor could he realize that a slip or a misstep would mean a slide and a roll to death.

Leaving sleeping-bag and snowshoes with Scotch, I grasped my axe and chopped my way to the top and then went down and carried bag and snowshoes up. Returning for Scotch, I started him climbing just ahead of me, so that I could boost and encourage him. We had gained only a few feet when it became plain that sooner or later he would slip and bring disaster to both of us. We stopped and

descended to the bottom for a new start.

Though the wind was again blowing a gale, I determined to carry him. His weight was forty pounds, and he would make a top-heavy load and give the wind a good chance to upset my balance and tip me off the wall. But, as there appeared no other way, I threw him over my shoulder and started up.

Many times Scotch and I had been in ticklish places together, and more than once I had pulled him up rocky cliffs on which he could not find footing. Several times I had carried him over gulches on fallen logs that were too slippery for him. He was so trusting and so trained that he relaxed and never moved while in my arms or on my shoulder.

Arriving at the place least steep, I stopped to transfer Scotch from one shoulder to the other. The wind was at its worst; its direction frequently changed and it alternately calmed and then came on like an explosion. For several seconds it had been roaring down the slope; bracing myself to withstand its force from this direction, I was about to move Scotch, when it suddenly shifted to one side and came with the force of a breaker. It threw me off my balance and tumbled me heavily against the icy slope.

Though my head struck solidly, Scotch came down beneath me and took most of the shock. Instantly we glanced off and began to slide swiftly. Fortunately I managed to get two fingers into one of the chopped holes and held fast. I clung to Scotch with

one arm; we came to a stop, both saved. Scotch gave a yelp of pain when he fell beneath me, but he did not move. Had he made a jump or attempted to help himself, it is likely that both of us would have gone to the bottom of the slope.

Gripping Scotch with one hand and clinging to the icy hold with the other, I shuffled about until I got my feet into two holes in the icy wall. Standing in these and leaning against the ice, with the wind butting and dashing, I attempted the ticklish task of lifting Scotch again to my shoulder — and succeeded. A minute later we paused to breathe on the summit's icy ridge, between two oceans and amid seas of snowy peaks.

V

One cold winter day we were returning from a four days' trip on the Continental Divide, when, a little above timber-line, I stopped to take some photographs. To do this it was necessary for me to take off my sheepskin mittens, which I placed in my coat pocket, but not securely, as it proved. From time to time, as I climbed to the summit of the Divide, I stopped to take photographs, but on the summit the cold pierced my silk gloves and I felt for my mittens, to find that one of them was lost. I stooped, put an arm around Scotch and told him that I had lost a mitten and that I wanted him to go down for it to save me the trouble. "It won't take you

very long," I said, "but it will be a hard trip for me. Go and fetch it to me."

Instead of starting off quickly and willingly as he had invariably done before in obedience to my commands, he stood still. His eager, alert ears drooped. He did not make a move. I repeated the command in my most kindly tones. At this, instead of starting down the mountain for the mitten, he slunk slowly away toward home. Apparently he did not want to climb down the steep, icy slope of a mile to timber-line, more than a thousand feet below. I thought he had misunderstood me, so I called him back, patted him, and then, pointing down the slope, said, "Go for the mitten, Scotch; I will wait for you here." He started, but went unwill-

ingly. He had always served me so cheerfully that I could not understand his behavior, and it was not until later that I realized how cruelly he had misunderstood.

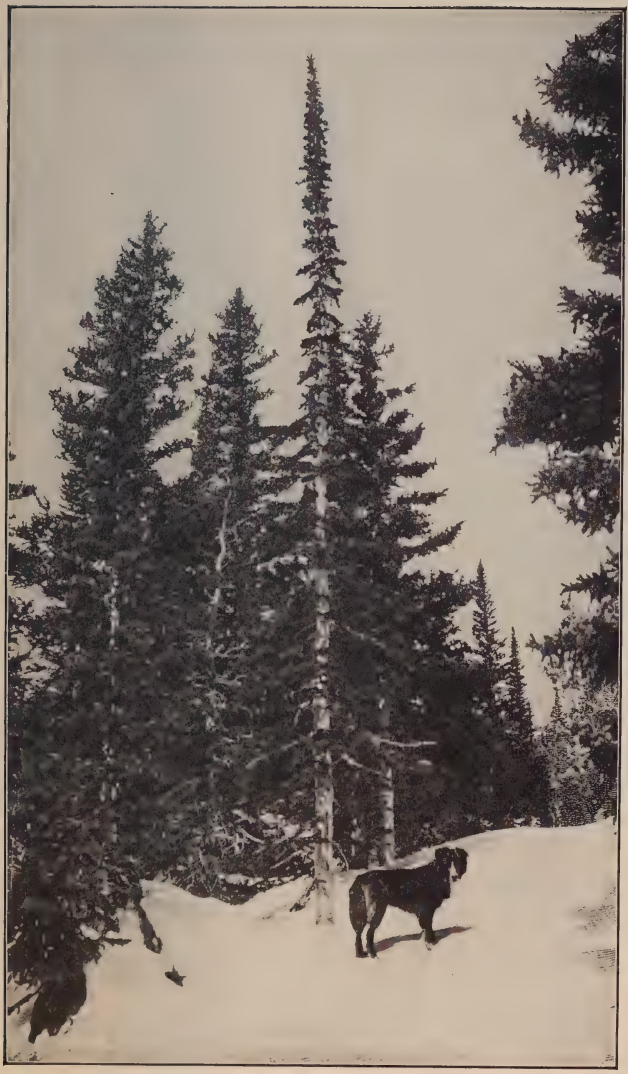
The summit of the Continental Divide where I stood when I sent Scotch back, was a very rough and lonely region. On every hand were broken, snowy peaks and rugged cañons. My cabin, eighteen miles away, was the nearest house, and the region was utterly wild.

I waited a reasonable time for Scotch to return, but he did not come back. Thinking he might have gone by without my seeing him, I walked some distance along the summit, first in one direction and then in the other, but, seeing neither him nor his tracks, I knew that he had not yet returned.

As it was late in the afternoon and growing colder, I decided to go slowly on toward my cabin. I started along a route I felt sure he would follow and I reasoned that he would overtake me. Darkness came on and still no Scotch, but I kept on going forward. For the remainder of the way I told myself that he might have got by me in the darkness.

When, at midnight, I arrived at the cabin, I expected to be greeted by him. He was not there. I felt that something was wrong and feared that he had met with an accident. I slept two hours and rose, but he was still missing. I decided to tie on my snowshoes and go to meet him. The thermometer showed fourteen degrees below zero.

I started at three o'clock in the



SCOTCH NEAR TIMBER-LINE

morning, feeling that I should meet him before going far. I kept on and on and when at noon I arrived at the place on the summit from which I had sent him back, Scotch was not there to cheer the wintry, silent scene.

Slowly I made my way down the slope and at two in the afternoon, twenty-four hours after I had sent Scotch down the mountain, I paused on a crag and looked below. There, in a world of white, Scotch lay by the mitten in the snow. He had misunderstood me and had gone back to guard the mitten instead of to get it.

He could hardly contain himself for joy when we met. He leaped into the air, barked, rolled over, licked my hand, whined, seized the mitten in his mouth, raced round and round me,

and did everything that an alert, affectionate, faithful dog could to show that he appreciated my appreciation of his supremely faithful services.

After waiting for him to eat a luncheon we started for home, where we arrived at one o'clock in the morning. Had I not gone back for Scotch, I suppose he would have died beside the mitten. Without food or companionship, in a region cold, cheerless, and oppressive, he was watching the mitten because he had understood that I had told him to watch it. In the annals of the dog I do not know of any more touching instance of loyalty.

VI

Through the seasons and through the years Scotch and I wandered in the wilds and enjoyed nature together. Though we were often wet, hungry, or cold, he never ceased to be cheerful. Through the scenes and the silences we went side by side; side by side in the lonely night we gazed into the camp-fire, and in feeling lived strangely through "yesterday's seven thousand years" together.

He was only a puppy the first time that he went with me to enjoy the woods. During this trip we came upon an unextinguished camp-fire that was spreading and about to become a forest fire. Upon this fire I fell with utmost speed so as to ex-

tinguish it before it should enlarge beyond control. My wild stampings, beatings, and hurling of firebrands made a deep impression on puppy Scotch. For a time he stood still and watched me, and then he jumped in and tried to help. He bit and clawed at the flames, burned himself, and with deep growlings desperately shook smoking sticks.

The day following this incident, as we strolled through the woods, he came upon another smouldering camp-fire and at once called my attention to it with lively barking. I patted him and tried to make him understand that I appreciated what he had done, and then extinguished the fire. Through the years, in our wood wanderings, he was alert for fire and prompt to warn me of a dis-

covery. His nose and eye detected many fires that even my trained and watchful senses had missed.

One autumn, while watching a forest fire, we became enveloped in smoke and narrowly escaped with our lives. The fire had started in the bottom and was burning upward in the end of a long, wide mountain valley, and giving off volumes of smoke. In trying to obtain a clearer view, and also to avoid the smoke,we descended into a ravine close behind the fire. Shortly after our arrival a strong wind drove the wings of the fire outward to right and left, then backward down both sides of the valley, filling the ravine with smoke.

This movement of the fire would in a short time have encircled us with flames. I made a dash to avoid this

peril, and in running along a rock ledge in the smoke, stumbled into a rocky place and one of my shoes stuck fast. This threw me heavily and badly sprained my left leg. Amid thick smoke, falling ashes, and approaching flames, this situation was a serious one. Scotch showed the deepest concern by staying close by me and finally by giving a number of strange barks such as I had never before heard. After freeing myself I was unable to walk, and in hopping and creeping along my camera became so annoying that I gave it to Scotch; but in the brush the straps became so often entangled that throwing it away proved a relief to us both.

Meanwhile we were making slow progress through the unburned woods and the fire was roaring close. Seeing

no hope of getting out of the way, we finally took refuge to the leeward side of a rocky crag where the flames could not reach us. But could we avoid being smothered? Already we were dangerously near that and the fire had yet to surge around us. To send Scotch for water offered a possible means of escape. Slapping my coat upon the rocks two or three times I commanded, "Water, Scotch, water!" He understood, and with an eager bark seized the coat and vanished in the smoke. He would be compelled to pass through a line of flame in order to reach the water in the ravine, but this he would do or die.

After waiting a reasonable time I began to call, "Scotch! Scotch!" as loudly as my parched throat

and gasping permitted. Presently he leaped upon me, fearfully burned but with the saturated coat in his teeth. Most of his shaggy coat was seared off, one eye was closed, and there was a cruel burn on his left side. Hurriedly I bound a coat-sleeve around his head to protect his eyes and nose, then squeezed enough water from the coat to wet my throat. Hugging Scotch closely, I spread the wet coat over us both and covered my face with a wet handkerchief. With stifling smoke and fiery heat the flames surged around, but at last swept over and left us both alive. Without the help from Scotch I must have perished.

It was this useful fire-fighting habit that caused the death of my faithful Scotch. One morning the men started

off to do some road work. Scotch saw them go and apparently wanted to go with them. I had just returned from a long absence and had to stay in the cabin and write letters. About half an hour after the men had gone, Scotch gave a scratching knock at the door. Plainly he wanted to follow the men and had come for my consent to go without me. I patted him and urged him to go. He left the cabin, never again to return.

Scotch arrived at the road work just as the men had lighted and run away from a blast. He saw the smoking fuse and sprang to extinguish it, as the blast exploded. He was instantly killed.

THE END

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